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Masters in Art

A Series of Illustrated Monographs

Among the artists to be considered during the current, 1906, Volume may be mentioned, Constable, Bouguereau, Goya, and Ingres. The numbers of 'Masters in Art' which have already appeared in 1906 are:

PART 73, JANUARY STUART
PART 74, FEBRUARY DAVID
PART 75, MARCH BÖCKLIN
PART 76, THE ISSUE FOR

April

WILL TREAT OF

Sodoma

NUMBERS ISSUED IN PREVIOUS VOLUMES
OF 'MASTERS IN ART'

VOL. 1.

PART 1, VAN DYCK
PART 2, TITIAN
PART 3, VELASQUEZ
PART 4, HOLBEIN
PART 5, BOT'ICELLI
PART 6, REMBRANDT
PART 7, REYNOLDS
PART 8, MILLET
PART 9, GIO. BELLINI
PART 10, MURILLO
PART 11, HALS
PART 12, RAPHAEL

*Sculpture

VOL. 2.

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PART 14, DA VINCI
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PART 16, MICHELANGELO*
PART 17, MICHELANGELO†
PART 18, COROT
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†Painting

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Böcklin

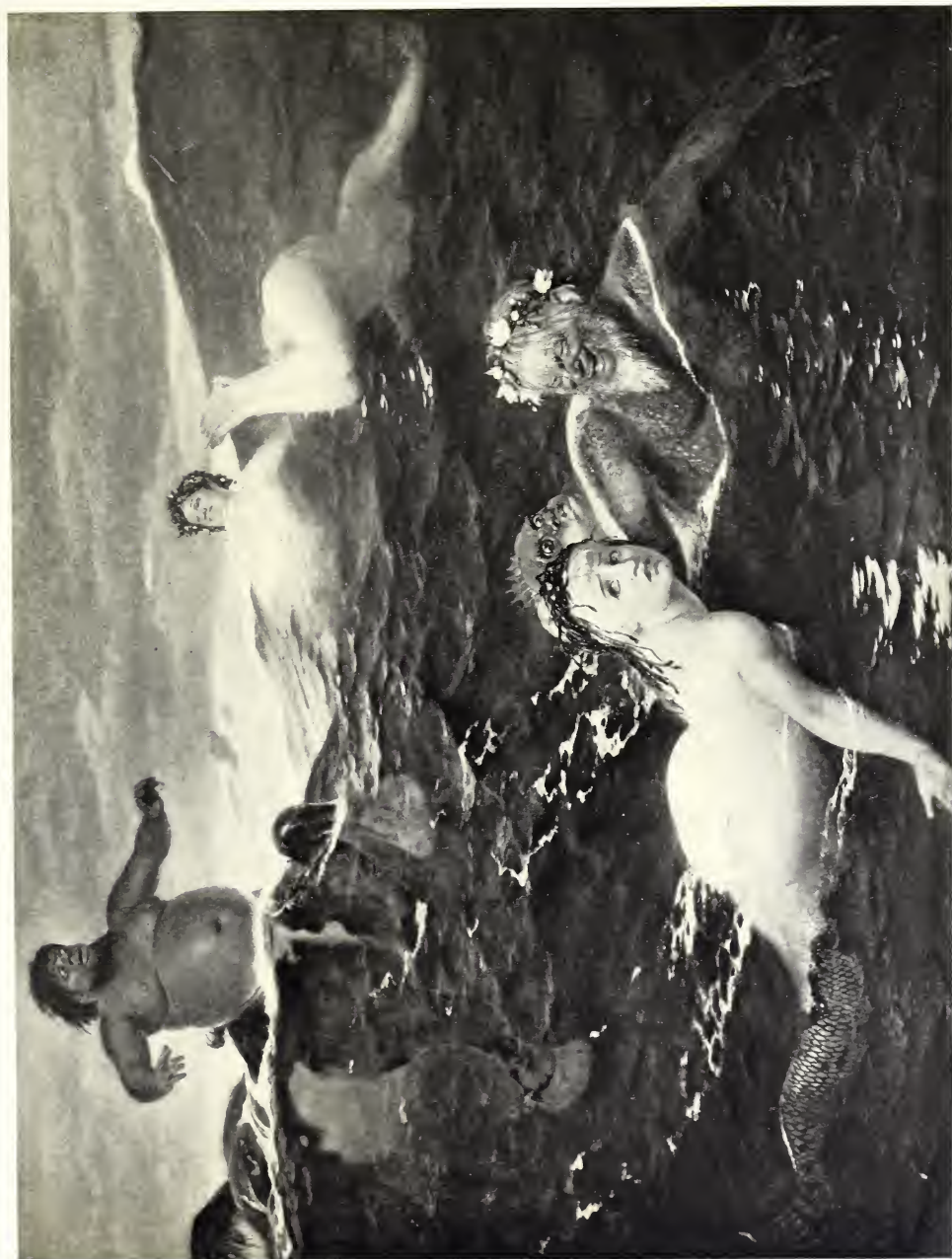
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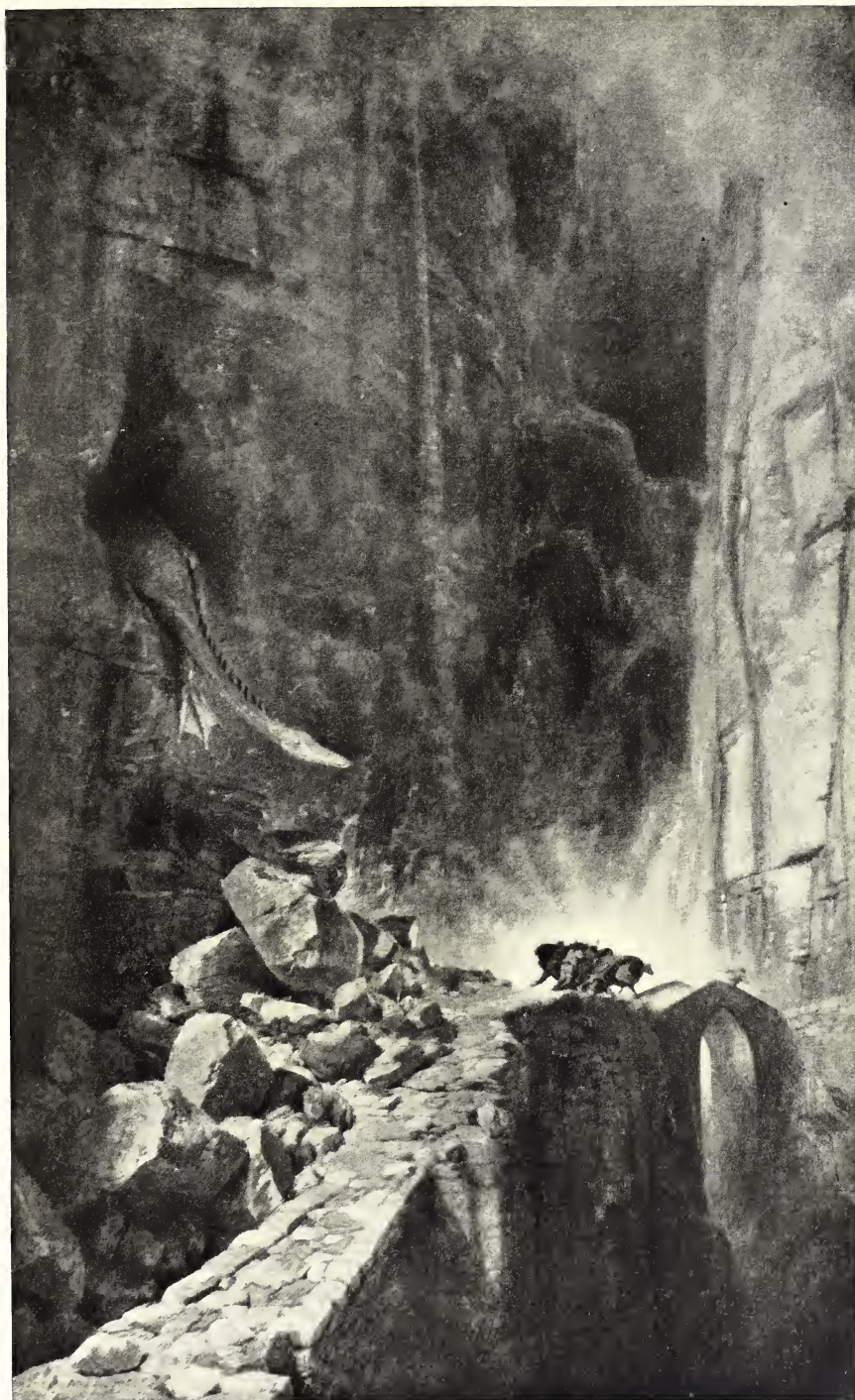


BÖCKLIN
THE ISLAND OF DEATH
OWNED BY FRAU SCHÖN-RENZ, WORMS

MASTERS IN ART PLATE II
PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHOTOGRAPHIC UNION, MUNICH
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HÜCKLIN
THE SPORT OF THE WAVES
NEW PINAKOTHEK, MUNICH





BÖCKLIN
THE VILLA BY THE SEA
SCHACK GALLERY, MUNICH

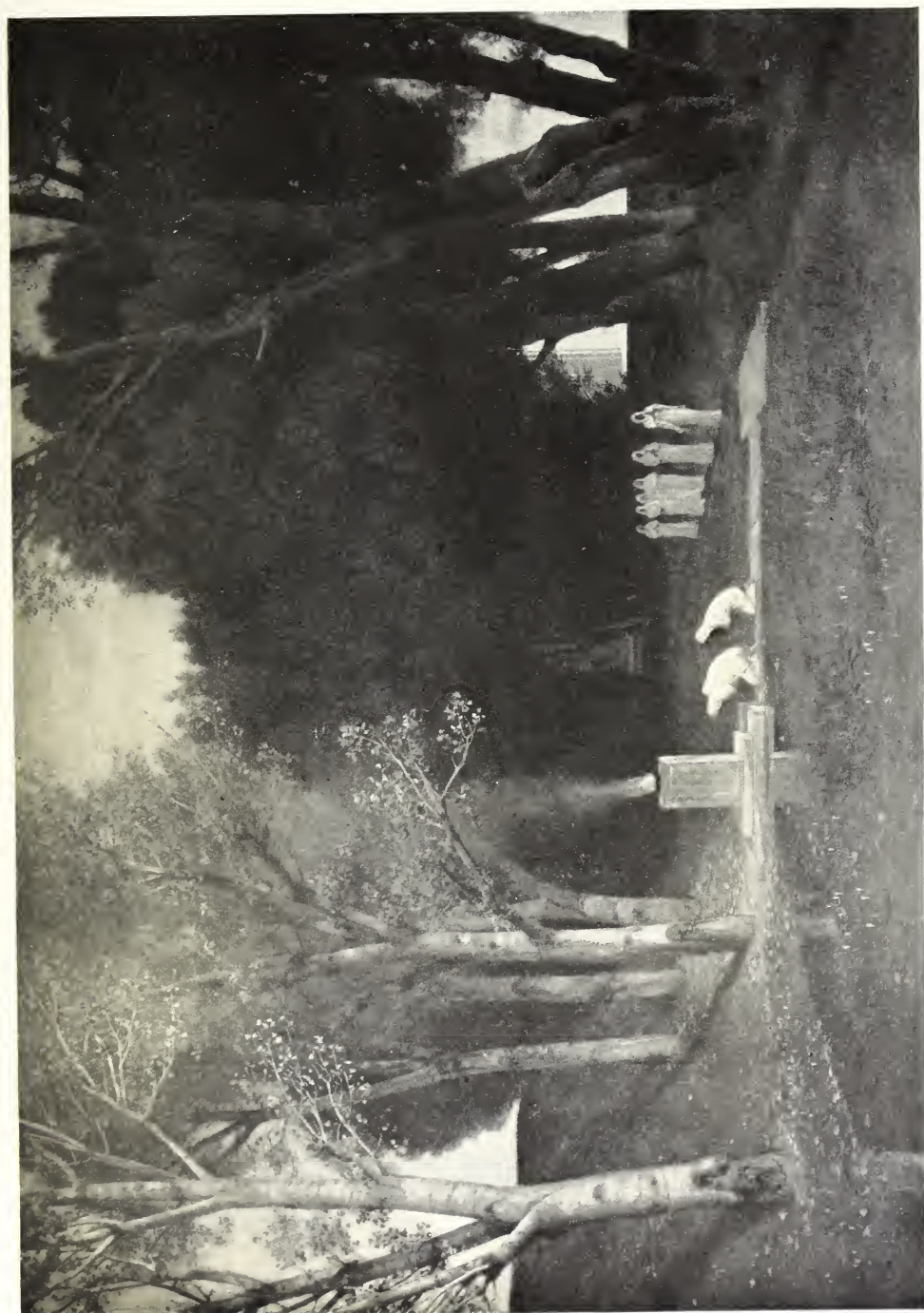


MASTERS IN ART PLATE VI
PHOTOGRAPHY BY THE PHOTOGRAPHIC UNION, MUNICH
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BÖCKLIN
THE ISLAND OF LIFE
OWNED BY HERR EMIL ÖLHERMANN, COLOGNE



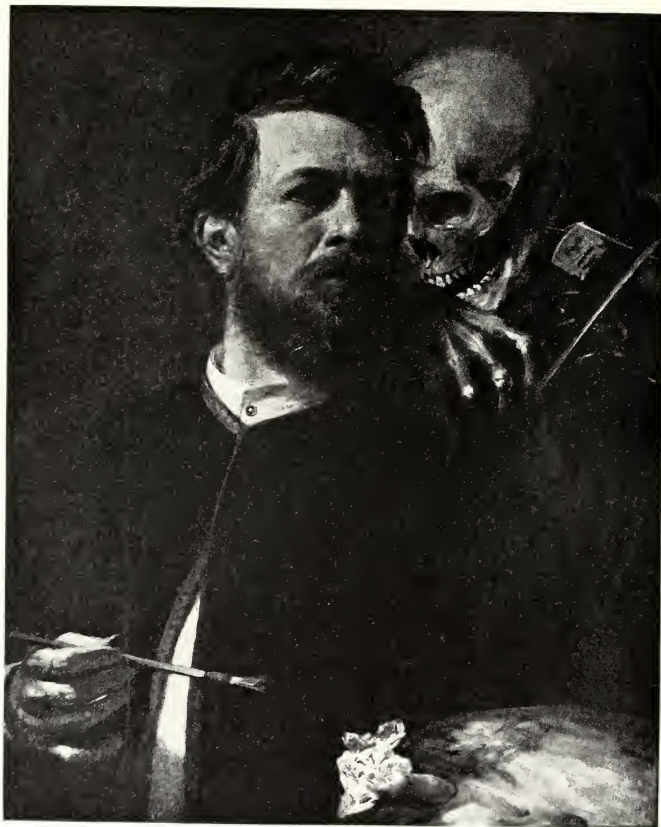




HÖCKLIN
THE SACRED GROVE
MUSEUM, HASLE



BÖCKLIN
NAIADS AT PLAY
MUSEUM, BASLE



PORTRAIT OF BÖCKLIN BY HIMSELF NATIONAL GALLERY, BERLIN

Although romantic in conception and idealized, this famous portrait of Böcklin is one of the most masterly and the most striking of those which he painted of himself. He wears a black velvet jacket and holds his brush and palette laid with fresh paint. Pausing in his work he turns to listen, intently, wonderingly, to sounds coming from some unseen source. For, invisible to his eyes, though close behind him, is the spectral form of Death, playing on a fiddle — a motive suggested by the works of Holbein and other early German artists. The portrait was painted in Munich in 1872, when Böcklin was forty-five years old.

Arnold Böcklin

BORN 1827 : DIED 1901
GERMAN SCHOOL

ARNOLD BÖCKLIN¹ was born on October 16, 1827, in Basle, Switzerland. His father was at that time a cloth merchant of small means, who, not being successful in that line of business, and after an equally unsuccessful venture as joint proprietor of a ribbon factory, obtained a position as overseer of a similar establishment, earning thereby barely enough to support his large family. He managed, however, to have his children well educated, and in addition to the regular course of study in the college of the town his sons attended the Drawing Academy of Basle, where they received an excellent training in the art in which Arnold early gave signs of exceptional talent.

At that day but little interest in matters pertaining to art was taken by the worthy and practical burghers of Basle. The town possessed no public art gallery, but in a dingy room of the university library was preserved the priceless collection of Holbein's works, now housed in the Basle Museum. In this room Arnold Böcklin, when a boy, spent many hours, and there can be no doubt that a study of Holbein's inimitable creations did much towards awakening in him an earnest desire to devote his life to art.

In his rambles about the picturesque country surrounding his native town his imagination was still further quickened, and his love of the beautiful fostered. In these walks his fertile fancy peopled the woods and streams with the fabulous creatures made familiar to him by the classic legends which, in his school days, had charmed his imagination. His earliest artistic efforts were landscapes—landscapes in which sometimes a weird effect was produced by moonlight and contrasting shadows, sometimes stormy skies and ruined, desolate castles were portrayed, but always they were of a nature to appeal to the emotions. Art and music and poetry filled the boy's soul, but above all did painting, that special form of art which responded to his intuitive love of color, grow to be his absorbing passion.

To his wish to become a painter, however, his father was seriously opposed. In the elder Böcklin's estimation, there were already too many struggling

¹ It is impossible to give in English a phonetic spelling of the name Böcklin. The pronunciation of the *ö* in German is similar to the sound of *eu* in the French words *feu*, *jeu*, *bleu*, etc. If, therefore, this pronunciation be observed, a fairly correct phonetic spelling of the artist's name may be said to be *Beuk'lin*.

artists who would never attain success, and he was in no way minded that his son should increase their number. But the boy's mother, believing more firmly in his genius, did all in her power to enable him to carry out his desire, and finally, with the assistance of a friend who recognized the lad's talent, a reluctant consent was wrung from the father, and Arnold, then eighteen years old, was sent to Düsseldorf to begin his studies in the Academy there.

Under the landscape-painter Johann Wilhelm Schirmer he proved himself a diligent pupil; but Schirmer, who soon saw how unusual were the young man's talents, and realized that the vitiated romanticism of Düsseldorf had little to offer such a fresh and original genius, advised him to go to Brussels, where he would find a greater stimulus to his art. Accordingly, after about two years in Düsseldorf, Böcklin went to Belgium, and in Brussels and Antwerp learned much from his study of the coloring of the early Flemish painters, and of the glowing canvases of the later master of that school—Rubens.

From Belgium he journeyed to Geneva in order to pursue his studies with Alexandre Calame, but after only a few weeks in the Swiss landscape-painter's studio he again turned his steps northward, this time to Paris. There the works of Delacroix, of Couture, and, above all, of Corot, impressed him; but far deeper than that produced by any painted picture was the impression left upon his mind by the bloody scenes which filled the city's streets when the February Revolution of 1848 broke forth. Böcklin never forgot the sights he witnessed then, and even in after years it was with the recollection of them still fresh in his memory that he painted some of his scenes of combat.

The young painter's stay in Paris was of short duration. He had not yet found what his soul craved, and after a few months spent in his native town for the purpose of fulfilling his military duties by serving for a prescribed length of time in the regular army, he wandered farther south, to the Mecca of all young artists of that day—Italy.

In Rome Böcklin found many congenial spirits in the little colony of German and Swiss painters and poets; Dreber, Feuerbach, Begas, Von Scheffel, Paul Heyse, and others, became his warm friends, and in the strangely poetic beauty of the Roman Campagna he found at last a fulfilment of his artistic yearnings. Here in Italy was the scenery his brush could paint with loving sympathy; here were the rich colors he loved; here could he find the fit setting for those nymphs and fauns and satyrs, those fabulous monsters, those gods and goddesses, with which his fancy teemed. Long hours spent in wandering about the Campagna, absorbed in dreams while his companions sedulously sketched this or that bit of rock or tree or picturesque group of peasants, resulted in some ideal landscape painted later in his studio from memory, in which with marvelous effect the spirit of the scene was rendered.

What were days of poverty to one so rich in fancy and so happy in his creative power as this young and unknown Swiss painter! And to add to his happiness, but by no means to alleviate his poverty, he must needs fall romantically in love, after only a few days' acquaintance, with a young Roman orphan girl, Angelina Pascucci by name, whose radiant classic beauty was her only marriage portion, but who became to Böcklin a lifelong inspiration. The mar-

riage took place in the summer of 1853, and in spite of the difference in nationality, in religion, language, and customs, to say nothing of the wearing trials of extreme poverty, it was and always continued to be an absolutely happy one. Frau Böcklin's more practical nature saved her husband from many a difficulty, and her loving, watchful care of him in times of sorrow or of discouragement was untiring.

Böcklin's early married life was full of hardship, for with a young wife and an increasing family of children he found it no easy task to make both ends meet. Now and then his friends were able to help him to sell a picture, but purchasers were few, and he was often reduced to sore straits to earn the money necessary for the support of his family. When his picture of 'Pan pursuing a Nymph' was bought by a Viennese lady, and a second version of the subject was ordered by Herr Wedekind, the German consul at Palermo, the future began to look brighter; but the money which the sale of these two canvases brought in, went but a little way towards the relief of his circumstances, and finally, discouraged and sick at heart, he resolved to leave Rome and return with his young wife and two little children to his father's house in Basle.

No better fortune, however, awaited him there. A landscape which he sent to an exhibition in his native town was greeted with derision by the matter-of-fact citizens of Basle, who were wholly unaccustomed to such ideal scenes and startling colors.

It was just at that time that Böcklin received from Herr Wedekind, his former patron, a commission to decorate in fresco the walls of the consul's dining-room in Hanover, and being discouraged by the reception his landscape had been accorded by his fellow-citizens, he gladly agreed to undertake the task. In the early spring of 1858 he removed with his family to Hanover, and at once set to work upon a scheme of decoration illustrating in five great frescos, rich in imaginative quality and able in composition and execution, the relation of man to fire.

With the exception of a small sketch for the first picture, no preparatory drawings were made, but, having clearly in his mind what he wished to represent, the artist painted his subjects, without model of any kind, directly upon the walls. In four months the work was completed, but unfortunately it did not find favor in the eyes of Herr Wedekind; a temporary misunderstanding occurred between him and the artist, and Böcklin, who had in the first place agreed to undertake the work for comparatively slight remuneration, found it difficult to obtain the stipulated reward for his labors. . . .

In March, 1859, there appeared, in the exhibition of the Society of Artists in Munich, a large picture, entitled 'Pan among the Reeds,' which aroused great interest, attracting the notice of all by the singular originality of its subject and treatment. It was said that the artist, whose name was unknown in Munich, was one Arnold Böcklin, a Swiss painter, who with a beautiful young Italian wife and a family of children had recently come to the city, and at that very moment, poor and in the utmost need, he and two of his children were lying ill with typhoid fever.

Relief came to Böcklin through his great picture of Pan. This work, a

large version of a subject he had previously painted in Rome, was bought for the New Pinakothek—the gallery of modern paintings—in Munich, and from that moment the tide turned. Böcklin's strong constitution enabled him to recover from the treacherous fever, but one of his children died from its effects, and the blow was a crushing one to the painter, who found it hard, now that success seemed about to crown his efforts, to respond to the cordial welcome extended him by the artist community in Munich. Through his friend of old Roman days, the poet and writer Paul Heyse, he was brought to the notice of Baron, afterwards Count, von Schack, in whom he found so munificent a patron that to-day the Schack Gallery in Munich contains one of the most valuable collections of the artist's works.

In the autumn of 1860 Böcklin was offered a professorship, as also were Begas and Lenbach, in the newly established Academy of Arts in Weimar. He accepted the position, but the atmosphere of the little scholastic town, impregnated as it was with literary memories, had nothing to offer to the artistic aspirations of the young professors, who found their more modern ideas opposed by those of the conservative school. One by one they shook the dust of Weimar from their feet and sought other and more stimulating fields.

For Böcklin's art this was an unproductive period. 'Diana Hunting' and 'Pan frightening a Goatherd' were the principal pictures painted during his two years' stay in Weimar, where much time was devoted to an indulgence of his taste for science and mathematics in the construction of a flying-machine. His interest in aeronautics amounted to a passion at times almost as absorbing to him as his art, and although his efforts to solve the problem of a flying-machine were never crowned with success, to the end of his life he did not abandon hope of accomplishing his aim.

Upon leaving Weimar, Italy was again Böcklin's objective point. This time he visited Naples, Capri, and Pompeii, fascinated by the colors of the Mediterranean, and falling anew under the spell of those classic stories with which its shores are replete. Pompeii possessed for him a deep interest, and Naples aroused a feeling scarcely less intense.

The year 1862 found Böcklin once more in Rome. During the four following years he worked industriously, and among his patrons had the gratification to count several from his native town. In the hope of receiving there still further commissions, he returned with his family to Basle in the early autumn of 1866. His hopes were not disappointed. Soon after his arrival he was asked to paint in fresco the walls of the garden house of his friend Herr Sarasin, and, a far more important work, was commissioned by the municipality of Basle to decorate the walls of the stairway of the newly erected Art Museum of the city. In addition to these two monumental tasks Böcklin painted many masterpieces during his stay in Basle, among which may be mentioned 'The Road to Emmaus,' 'The Rocky Gorge,' 'The Ride of Death,' 'Furies pursuing a Murderer,' all now in the Schack Gallery in Munich, and many more equally original in conception, as well as a number of portraits. In addition to these works he gave proof of his skill in plastic art, in which he was almost as gifted as in painting, by modeling for the garden façade of the

Kunsthalle six masks caricaturing with the most grotesque humor the aldermen of Basle, whose stubborn narrow-mindedness had so often opposed itself to his artistic ideas.

To Munich the painter next turned his steps, and between July, 1871, and the autumn of 1874, made that city his home. These three years were productive of many paintings marked by marvelous creative power: 'The Battle of the Centaurs,' recalling Rubens in its energy and force, 'Triton and Nereid,' a 'Pietà,' 'Pan Fishing,' the portrait of himself with Death, and numerous other works teeming with an apparently inexhaustible imagination.

Munich, however, was not satisfying to Böcklin's nature, and accordingly to Italy he once more returned, this time fixing his abode in Florence, where eleven happy years passed before his restless spirit again urged him on.

This Florentine period realized the highest attainment of his art. The influence of the Renaissance masters of Italy is felt in the deep poetic meaning of the pictures painted at this time. The colors, sometimes rich and glowing, sometimes light and almost startling in their bright, vivid hues, again deep and somber, reflect his varying moods. The composition is more balanced, the technique more finished, and, as always, the creative power marvelous in its unending variety. 'The Sleeping Diana,' 'Springtime,' 'The Regions of the Blessed,' 'The Island of Death,' 'Prometheus,' 'Sport of the Waves,' 'The Sacred Grove,' 'Autumn Thoughts,' 'The Silence of the Forest,' are among his most famous works of these years.

The hardest struggles of Böcklin's life now seemed ended. His days of storm and stress were over. Recognition of his genius, in quarters where recognition was of value, had come at last, and although his works were still incomprehensible to the general public, which continued to shake its head over the extraordinary subjects and the strong colors of the canvases which from time to time he sent to the various exhibitions in Germany, they were no longer greeted with derision, but were sufficiently in demand to bring prices which enabled the artist to live in comparative comfort. In his home in Florence he was surrounded by a host of friends, among whom were many of the best-known German writers, painters, poets, and sculptors of the day.

It was in 1885, when Böcklin was approaching his sixtieth year, that he recrossed the Alps to his own country, and, for the sake of his children's education, settled in Zürich. During his sojourn there he was the recipient of many public honors. At the International Exhibition of 1888 he was given a first-class medal; in the following year he was named honorary doctor of philosophy in the University of Zürich, and in 1890 the right of citizenship was bestowed upon him by the town.

His artistic influence became more and more wide-spread, and at the time of the Munich Exhibition of 1890 he was recognized as one of the foremost of modern German painters, not only in artistic circles, but was accepted as such by the public at large. It was at this triumphant period of his career, and when he was in the full strength of his powers, that the startling news was spread abroad that the master had been stricken by apoplexy. This was in May, 1892.

His recovery from the attack was very slow. When he was strong enough to bear the journey he was taken to the land he loved best, and there, in a villa in Fiesole, near Florence, gradually regained his health, and once more resumed his work. The pictures painted at this time show no diminution of power; the 'Polyphemus,' the 'Venus Genetrix,' and a portrait of himself at his easel are as original in conception, as fresh in color, and technically as fine as his earlier or his later achievements.

In 1895 Böcklin became the owner of a villa in San Domenico between Florence and Fiesole, and there in that picturesque spot overlooking the beautiful valley of the Arno, surrounded by those he loved, the evening of his life was spent. To the last he devoted himself to his art, and to that other art, music, which he also dearly loved, and in which, without any scientific training, he was unusually skilled, playing delightfully upon various instruments. In his quiet home reports reached him from the outer world of honors showered upon him, and of the great festivals held all over Germany, as well as in his native Basle, upon the occasion of his seventieth birthday; but with these flattering testimonies to his genius, as with the neglect he had previously and for so many years endured without complaint, he seemed in no way concerned. Art was for him something above, beyond, apart from all that—the expression of his deepest feeling, his highest aspiration.

Arnold Böcklin has been described by those who knew him as a man of few words, reserved and somewhat diffident with strangers, but frank and ingenuous with his friends. Warm-hearted and generous in disposition, he was the very soul of honor, never stooping to a meanness of any kind. Frugal, industrious, and simple in his tastes, he despised all outward show, cared nothing for the conventionalities of life, and was wholly indifferent to the extravagant praises heaped upon his name when, finally, fame and glory such as fall to the lot of few men during lifetime, were awarded him.

In person he was tall and powerfully built. His shoulders were broad and his carriage erect. His physical strength was unusual. Even at fifty he found it no tax to paint for eight consecutive hours, and then not only when at his easel, but also when engaged upon wall frescos, in a position necessarily more strained. His head was finely shaped, his eyes were blue and clear, and his expression kindly. When a young man he had the air of a typical painter or poet, but as he grew older this look completely disappeared, and in middle life there was nothing in his decidedly military appearance to suggest either the one or the other. In his dress he was always scrupulously particular; in short, nothing in the outer man gave token of the intensity and passion of his artistic nature.

In his beautiful villa in San Domenico, Böcklin's closing years passed peacefully. He worked almost to the last, the canvases entitled 'Melancholy,' 'War,' and 'The Plague' being painted the year before his death. His wife and children and grandchildren were with him as life drew near its end, and his son, Carlo, an architect and later a painter, was his father's right hand in all practical affairs. Repeated apoplectic strokes gradually shattered his strength and rendered him more and more helpless; finally, an attack of pneumonia ha-

stened his death, which occurred on January 16, 1901. He was buried two days later, with simple but touching services, in the Campo Santo degli Allori, just outside one of the gates of Florence.

The Art of Böcklin

RICHARD MUTHER

'THE HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING'

ARNOLD BÖCKLIN is a landscape-painter in his very essence, and he is moreover the greatest landscape-painter of the nineteenth century, beside whom even the Fontainebleau group seem one-sided specialists. Every one of the latter had a peculiar type of landscape, and a special hour in the day which appealed to his feelings more distinctly than any other. One loved spring and dewy morning, another the clear cold day, another the threatening majesty of the storm, the flashing effects of sportive sunbeams, or the evening, after sunset, when colors fade from view. But Böcklin is as inexhaustible as infinite nature itself. In one place he celebrates the festival of spring with its burden of beauty. In another, nature shines, and blooms, and breathes her balm in all the colors of summer. And besides such lovely idyls, he has painted with puissant sublimity as many complaining elegies and tempestuous tragedies. Here the somber autumnal landscapes, with their tall black cypresses, are lashed by the rain and the howling storm. There, lonely islands or grave, half-ruined towers, tangled with creepers, rise dreamily from a lake, mournfully hearkening to the repining murmur of the waves. Böcklin has painted everything: the graceful and heroic, the solitude and the waste, the solemnly sublime and the darkly tragic, passionate agitation and demoniacal fancy, the strife of foaming waves and the eternal rest of rigid masses of rock, the wild uproar of the sky and the still peace of flowery fields. The compass of his moods is as much greater than that of the French classicists as Italy is greater than Fontainebleau.

For Italy is Böcklin's home as a landscape-painter, and the moods of nature there are more in number than Poussin ever painted. Grave and sad and grandiose is the Roman Campagna, with the ruins of the street of sepulchers. Hidden like the Sleeping Beauty lie the Roman villas in his pictures, in their sad combination of splendor and decay, of life and death, of youth and age. Behind weather-beaten grotto-wells and dark green nooks of yew, white busts and statues gleam like phantoms. Huge cypresses of the growth of centuries stand gravely in the air, tossing their heads mournfully when the wind blows. Then at a bound we are at Tivoli, and the whole scenery is changed. Great fantastic rocks rise straight into the air, luxuriantly mantled by ivy and parasitic growths. Trees and shrubs take root in the clefts. And the floods of the Anio plunge headforemost into the depths with a roar of sound like a legion of demons thunder-stricken by some higher power. Then comes Naples, with its glory of flowers and its moods of evening glowing in deep ruby. Farther away

he paints the Homeric world of Sicily, with its crags caressed or storm-beaten by the wave, its blue grottos, and its deep, glowing splendors of changing color. . . .

Böcklin has no more rendered an exact portrait of the scenery of Italy than the classic masters of France sought to represent in a photographic way districts in the forest of Fontainebleau. His whole life, like theirs, was a renewed and perpetual wooing of nature. As a boy he looked down from his attic in Basle upon the heaving waters of the Rhine. When he was in Rome he wandered daily in the Campagna to feast his eyes upon its grave lines and colors. And the moods with which he was inspired by nature and the phenomena he observed were stored in his mind as though in a great emporium. Then his imagination went through another stage. That "organic union of figures and landscape" which the representatives of "heroic landscape" had surmised and endeavored to attain by a reasoned method through the illustration of passages in poetry, took place in Böcklin by the force of intuitive conception. The mood excited in him by a landscape is translated into an intuition of life. In his pictures nature laughs with those who are glad, mourns with those who weep, sheds her light upon the joyful, and envelops tortured spirits in storm and the terror of thunder. . . .

In Böcklin's earlier pictures the accessory figures are placed in close relation with the landscape in a manner entirely similar. But his great creations reach a higher level. Having begun by extending the lyrical mood of a landscape to his figures, he finally succeeded in populating nature with beings which seem the final condensation of the life of nature itself, the tangible embodiment of that spirit of nature whose cosmic action in the water, the earth, and the air he had glorified in one of his youthful works, the frescos of the Basle Museum. In such pictures he has no forerunners whatever in the more recent history of art. His principle of creation rests, it might be said, upon the same overwhelming feeling for nature which brought forth the figures of Greek myth. When the ancient Greek stood before a waterfall he gave human form to what he saw. His eye beheld the outlines of beautiful nude women, nymphs of the spot, in the descending volume of the cascade; its foam was their fluttering hair, and in the rippling of the water he heard their splashing and their laughter.

The beings which live in Böcklin's pictures owe their origin to a similar action of the spirit. He hears trees, rivers, mountains, and universal nature whisper as with human speech. Every flower, every bush, every flame, the rocks, the waves, and the meadows, dead and without feeling as they are to the ordinary eye, have to his mind a vivid existence of their own. In his imagination every impression of nature condenses itself into figures that may be seen. As a dragon issues from his lair to terrify travelers in the gloom of a mountain ravine, and as the avenging Furies rise in the waste before a murderer, so in the still, brooding noon, when a shrill tone is heard suddenly and without a cause, the Grecian Pan lives once again for Böcklin—Pan who startles the goatherd from his dream by an eerie shout, and then whinnies in mockery of the terrified fugitive. The cool, wayward, splashing element of

water takes shape as a gracetul nymph; the fine mists which rise from the water-source become embodied as a row of merry children whose vaporous figures float lazily through the shining clouds of spring. And the secret voices that live amid the silence of the wood press round him, and the phantom born of the excited scenes becomes a ghostly unicorn advancing with noiseless step, and bearing upon his back a maiden of legendary story. The form of Death stumbling past cloven trees in rain and tempest, as he rides his pale horse, appears to him in a waste and chill autumnal region, where stands a ruined castle in lurid illumination. A sacred grove, lying in insular seclusion and fringed with venerable old trees that rise straight into the air, rustling as they bend their heads towards each other, is peopled, as at a word of enchantment, with grave priestly figures robed in white, which approach in solemn procession and fling themselves down in prayer before the sacrificial fire. The lonely waste of the sea is not brought home to him with sufficient force by a wide floor of waves, with gulls indolently flying beneath a low and leaden sky; so he paints a flat crag emerging from the waves, and upon its crest, over which the billows sweep, the shy dwellers of the sea bathe in the light. Naiads and tritons assembled for a gamesome ride over the sea typify the fleeing hide-and-seek of the waves. Yet there is nothing forced, nothing merely ingenious, nothing literary, in these inventions. The figures are not placed in nature with deliberate calculation; they are an embodied mood of nature; they are children of the landscape and no mere accessories.

Böcklin's power of creating types in embodying these beings of his imagination is a thing unheard of in the whole history of art. He has represented his centaurs and satyrs and fauns and sirens so vividly and impressively that they have become ideas as currently acceptable as if they were simple incomposite beings. He has seen the awfulness of the sea at moments when the secret beings of the deep emerge, and he allows a glimpse into the fabulous reality of their as yet unexplored existence. For all beings which hover swarming in the atmosphere around, have their dwellings in the trees, or their haunts in rocky deserts, he has found new and convincing figures. Everything which was created in this field before his time—the works of Dürer, Mantegna, and Salvator Rosa not excepted—was an adroit sport with forms already established by the Greeks, and a transposition of Greek statues into a pictorial medium. With Böcklin, who, instead of illustrating mythology, himself creates it, a new power of inventing myths was introduced. His creations are not the distant issue of nature, but corporeal beings, full of ebullient energy, individualized through and through, and stout, lusty, and natural.

And only a slight alteration in the truths of nature has sufficed him for the creation of such chimerical beings. As a landscape-painter he stands with all his fibers rooted in the earth, although he seems quite alienated from this world of ours, and his fabulous creatures make the same convincing impression because they have been created with all the inner logical congruity of nature, and delineated under close relationship to actual fact with the same numerous details as the real animals of the earth. For his tritons, sirens, and mermaids, with their prominent eyes and their awkward bodies covered with

bristly hair, he may have made studies from seals and walruses. His obese and short-winded tritons, with shining red faces and flaxen hair dripping with moisture, are good-humored old men with a quantity of warm blood in their veins, who love and laugh and drink new wine. His fauns may be met with amongst the shepherds of the Campagna, swarthy, strapping fellows dressed in goatskin after the fashion of Pan. It is chiefly the color lavished upon them which turns them into children of an unearthly world, where other suns are shining, and other stars.

In the matter of color, also, the endeavors of the nineteenth century reach a climax in Böcklin. He was the first in Germany who revealed the marvelous power in color for rendering moods of feeling and its inner depth of musical sentiment. Even in those years when the brown tone of the galleries prevailed everywhere, color was allowed in his pictures to have its own independent existence, apart from its office of being a merely subordinate characteristic of form. For him green was thoroughly green, blue was divinely blue, and red was jubilantly red. At the very time when Richard Wagner lured the colors of sound from music, with a glow and light such as no master had kindled before, Böcklin's symphonies of color streamed forth like a crashing orchestra. The whole scale, from the most somber depth to the most chromatic light, was at his command. In his pictures of spring the color laughs, rejoices, and exults. In 'The Island of Death' it seems as though a veil of crape were spread over the sea, the sky, and the trees. His splendid sea-green, his transparent blue sky, his sunset flush tinged with violet haze, his yellow-brown rocks, his gleaming red sea-mosses, and the white bodies of his maidens are always arranged in new, glowing, sensuous harmonies. Many of his pictures have such an ensnaring brilliancy that the eye is never weary of feasting upon their floating splendor. Indeed, later generations will probably do him honor as the greatest color-poet of the century.

CHRISTIAN BRINTON

'THE CRITIC' 1901

ARNOLD BÖCKLIN was a posthumous expression of Teutonic romanticism. He flashed forth, as it were, after the lights had simmered out, bringing into being a new, disturbing beauty, a poetry hitherto undivined, and personal endowments riper than any since the Renaissance. Quietly, without pose or parade, he accomplished for German art what Goethe had already done for German poetry and Wagner for German music. Through the medium of a rich-set palette he revealed to Germans—and to the world—the Germanic soul. . . .

While in essence Böcklin's art is romantic, it is free from the routine faults of romanticism. His sense of form is Grecian and his color entirely modern in its breadth and brilliancy. The persuasive charm of his classic scenes is chiefly due to the anti-classic and often frankly humorous, dionysian manner in which they are presented. Although there is often sharp contrast between the theme and its treatment, the whole is conceived with such intensity and is so vividly realized that effect never fails. To the cherished quality of dealing unfettered with the past, Böcklin added a definite, detailed interpretation of the present.

With few exceptions his works involve a combination, on even terms, of landscape or marine with figure, and in this province he is unrivaled. An intimate accord between these two elements is always preserved; nowhere is there the slightest loss of poise. Though he turned, through affinity, towards the south—across the Alps—the conventional Italianism of Poussin, Claude, or the early Corot finds no echo or even equivalent in Böcklin's art. With no sacrifice of ideality he gives each subject a fresh, engaging actuality, an individual, veridical setting which is its own vindication. By a species of localization which is never slavish and always full of suggestion, always tempered by the essential beauty of the scene, he succeeds in making romance real and reality romantic.

The formula of Böcklin's art consists of peopling the sea or sky, shore or wood, with creatures of tradition or of sheer imagination. Its animus is a *pantheistische Naturpoesie*, illustrating the kinship of man and nature, a conception both Hellenic and Germanic, which arose from a blending of that which his spirit caught at in the world about him and that which came through the gates of fancy and of fable. . . .

What awes the neophyte and remains the cardinal glory of Böcklin's canvases is the depth and splendor of their coloration. First and last Böcklin was a colorist. He chose by instinct only the most alluring hues,—the pure radiance of far stars, the vivid grotto-blue of the sea, the copper-brown of a faun's skin, or the viridescence of water serpent. No man studied nature more closely or surprised so many of her secrets. The Campagna, the clear vistas of the Oberland, foam-lashed rocks along the Tuscan coast, here a dark stretch of wood, there a splash of light, all produced an accumulation of stimuli which, coupled with an indelible memory and remarkable powers of visualization, made Böcklin one of the few really sovereign colorists. While his sense of form was not so acutely developed—his drawing of the nude being the reverse of academic—it is impossible not to feel that the sum-total may have gained rather than suffered through this fact, for, as it is, nothing seems to reach beyond or fall below an irreproachable ensemble.

FRITZ LEMMERMAYER

‘UNSERE ZEIT’ 1888

BÖCKLIN is preëminently a modern painter. Not that he records the passing events of the day, nor expends himself on the representation of trifling genre pictures, nor does he concern himself with that homely style which aims at a truthful portrayal of some household scene—a mother surrounded by her little ones, or a lady occupied with her embroidery. Nothing of this nature is to be found in Böcklin's work, but instead, the wings of his far-reaching fancy transport him to distant lands—to Greece, to Italy—and there in rich and glowing colors he paints whatever most deeply stirs his soul. It is not, indeed, *what* he paints that is modern, but *how* he paints it.

Landscapes gloomy and impassioned like Salvator Rosa's or Poussin's, or enchanting in their exuberant colors like the scenery of Italy, or dark and mysterious, as if haunted by invisible spirits, or stormy and tempestuous and filled with fabulous monsters, with nymphs, with naiads, centaurs, and satyrs—such are the subjects Böcklin conjures upon his canvas, not always care-

fully nor technically correct, not wholly free from defects in drawing, but invariably powerful and imaginative, ideal in color, extraordinary in conception, rich in feeling, and unquestionably inspired. . . .

The irresistible attraction in Böcklin's works, that wherein above all else the great charm of his painting lies, is his manner of imparting life to nature, of giving her individuality and investing her with a soul. It seems as if his landscapes were not painted for their own sakes alone, but as if the artist had been attracted by the ruling power of the spirits of nature, and to them he gives material form, or in some mysterious way suggests their presence. His understanding of nature is profound and comprehensive. To him she is not only the beneficent mother rich in blessings, bringing joy and gladness and pouring her gifts upon the world with lavish hand from her never-failing horn of plenty, but he sees in her as well a demoniac Fury who with fiendish exultation diffuses terror and suffering, and whose cruel pleasure it sometimes is to visit the world with misery, death, and destruction. Nature in her gentle moods he paints with delicate and loving touch; when she is sad or when she is violent he renders her with impassioned power. . . .

Böcklin is the painter of the woods, the painter of sacred groves and grottos, of smiling scenes and of desolate places, of the storm and of the sea. To the young life that stirs in nature, and to the mighty death which devastates her, his brush has given sublime immortality. But unique and ideal though he be as a landscape-painter, it would be but an incomplete picture of the man to portray him in this light alone, for as a figure-painter he is a master no less marvelous. His canvases in which figures alone are depicted are limited in number, but those that he has painted show that he had the power of appealing to the most varied emotions. In his landscapes figures are almost always introduced—sometimes human, more often fabulous. Their presence never seems accidental; they are organic parts of the whole design; never meaningless accessories, but symbolic forms emanating naturally and harmoniously from the spirit of the scene—in a word, the actual embodiment, the allegorical expression, of the scene itself.—ABRIDGED FROM THE GERMAN

FRANZ-HERMANN MEISSNER

'GAZETTE DES BEAUX-ARTS' 1893

ARNOLD BÖCKLIN is one of the strongest personalities—one of the most singular and most remarkable—in the whole history of art. Although neither in his method nor in the choice of his subjects, taken for the most part from Greek mythology, does he belong to the German romanticists, he is nevertheless fundamentally a romantic painter—romantic in all the essential characteristics of his genius, in the intensity, the marvelous depth of his feeling, in his power of individualizing, in his strong vein of humor, in his anti-classic, wholly mythological and dionysian manner of interpreting classic subjects. His romanticism then may be said to be a combination of the Teutonic and the Hellenic; the Greek spirit and the German spirit are the two governing impulses of his genius. . . .

Böcklin's originality was manifested very early in his career quite as clearly by his inventive power as by his technique. With few exceptions it is only in his youthful works that any trace can be found of outside influences. These

influences are chiefly those of his master Schirmer, of Corot, whose early works he saw and admired when in Paris, and, above all, of Poussin, who throughout Böcklin's youth was his model for the calm and simple grandeur of his lines and for his coloring. But Böcklin soon freed himself from all these influences and struck out upon his own path. So pronounced did his originality become, that if we would find any painter with whom to compare him we should have to go back to Giorgione. In more than one respect, indeed, he recalls that great Venetian master: in the glowing brilliancy and delicate harmony of his colors, for example, and in his wonderful power of imparting life to his figures.

Like Giorgione and all the old masters, Böcklin attaches primary importance to composition. His own is indeed truly magistral, and, so far as I have seen, faultless. He has a perfect understanding of the necessity of subordinating all details to the main theme. And he is as well a born colorist, a veritable musician in color, as skilful in producing an effect by lovely harmonies as by the boldest contrasts. His color seems to be the needful clothing for his massive sculpturesque figures of man and of beast, those strange forms which look as if they belonged to some prehistoric world.

To impart to his creations the quality of life, in whatsoever demoniac a form, Böcklin made use of a method of his own invention. This consisted in a peculiar use of distemper in the early stages, followed by an application of varnish. He thus obtained a depth, a brilliancy, and a relief such as are found in the works of the old masters, but are never met with in those of the painters of to-day.

It would seem as if the effect produced by the use of this method of Böcklin's were another demonstration of his intimately uniting the romanticism of Germany with the beauty of the antique. Such a union was only possible on the sole ground on which romanticism and antiquity could come together—on the ground of natural myths; and it was to these old myths that Böcklin invariably turned by choice; they alone could satisfy both his Germanic fondness for fantastic legends and his love of classic pantheism. His types of men, of demigods, of animals, were, generally speaking, conceived independently of all tradition; they are wholly the products of an ideal world, made up of elements the most fantastic, the most uncouth, and the most poetic of the world of reality, and they are endowed with such beauty, a beauty so directly the outcome of the pure Hellenic inspiration, that even subjects of the most trifling nature at once attain the proportions of monumental and classic works. . . .

For the greater part of his life Böcklin met with opposition from his contemporaries, but from year to year, with ever-increasing power, his strong individuality asserted itself. His style is so markedly the product of his own personal temperament that it hardly seems as if he could have continuators. And in truth, it cannot be said that he founded any school in the strict sense of the word, although numerous painters have imitated him more or less closely. But his influence has extended so far beyond all imitations that in addition to his personal originality Böcklin will undoubtedly prove to have been one of the leaders of modern German art.—ABRIDGED FROM THE

FRENCH

The Works of Böcklin

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'THE HERMIT'

PLATE I

THIS picture is, perhaps, the most popular of Böcklin's works. The story that it tells is simple, the spirit that it breathes poetic and full of tender charm. In the light of early morning an aged hermit is playing on his violin a hymn of praise before the image of the Virgin, which stands within a niche in the wall of his cell. And as he plays, three little angels, attracted by the melody, have come down from heaven, and, all unseen, cluster around the hermit's humble dwelling. Two have perched upon the broad rim of a wooden partition, absorbed in enjoyment of the music. The third, a slender little fellow with rainbow-colored wings, stands on tiptoe outside, peeping curiously through the window at the scene within.

The color-scheme increases the poetic effect. The sky is illumined with the soft violet light of early dawn, which shines upon the Virgin's image and upon the white head of the old hermit bending over his violin. The general tone of the picture is quiet, almost subdued, but a few bright spots of color—the blue of the Virgin's mantle, the wings of the standing angel, and the green of the bit of turf—prevent all monotony.

The picture is on wood, and measures about three feet high by two feet three inches wide. It was painted in Florence in 1882, and three years later was bought by the National Gallery of Berlin, where it now hangs.

'THE ISLAND OF DEATH'

PLATE II

"IN the spring of 1880," writes Baron von Ostini, "Böcklin completed that work which contains the very essence of his art, and with which his name is so indissolubly linked that when we hear him spoken of we at once think of his great 'Island of Death.' No other painted landscape is so profoundly impressive; no other is so original in its conception, nor so moving in its strange beauty."

Toward the shores of a lonely island a boat draws near. Across its bow rests a coffin decked with flowers, beside which stands the white-robed figure of the dead. "A few more strokes of the oars and the goal will be reached—the rocky island with its dark cypress-trees. Within the steep sides of the rock are many chambers of the dead. He who now approaches will not be alone, for even as he is not the first, so will he not be the last to be rowed across the still waters to the island of death."

A least six different versions of this subject exist, different not only in details of composition, but in the scheme of color. Some are gray and somber, while others are light in tone. In the one here reproduced, belonging to Frau Schön-Renz, Worms, Germany, the rocks are of varied hues, the water is deep greenish-blue, almost black in the shadows, and the sky, dark and ominous at the sides of the picture, is luminous in the center with a lurid light ranging from pale orange to flame-color.

'THE SPORT OF THE WAVES'

PLATE III

OF all Böcklin's representations of the sea, the one here reproduced is the most celebrated. The marvelous effect of moving water, the colors both above and beneath its ever-changing surface, the strange half-human quality of these sea-creatures, and the boisterous humor of the scene all combine in making it one of the most marvelous of the artist's creations.

M. Jules Laforgue has said of this picture: "'The Sport of the Waves' produces a vivid and realistic sense of mid-ocean, with the restless waves, blue and green in color, reflecting their swaying shadows. An agile little mermaid, not very graceful in form, whose feet with their fin-like attachments are lifted high in the air, plunges into the deep green water. Astounded by the sight, a monstrous centaur, with bloodshot eyes, streaming hair, and huge paunch shining like a copper kettle, pauses in his pursuit, his arms outstretched as he beats the water with his great hoofs. In the foreground swims a faun-like creature with pointed ears and yellow beard. His breast is shaggy with that kind of soapy moss which covers stones in stagnant waters, his seaweed hair is crowned with white flowers, and his flushed and gleaming face is distorted with wanton laughter as he gleefully drags along a fair young mermaid whose white body ends in a fish's tail with scales of gold and emerald and mother-of-pearl. Her silvery locks are wreathed with crimson seaweed, her eyes are of the hue that changes from green to sapphire blue, and on her face is an expression of fear and anguish. In the upper part of the picture is another siren swimming on her back, and in the center is seen a head which looks like a ball of copper with fins at the nape of its neck, puffing and blowing as it emerges from the waves."

Böcklin, as the writer says further, may be criticized for his drawing which is not always faultless. For the effect of his pictures he depends almost as much upon his daring and often fantastic color-schemes as upon his surprising and original conceptions. "But after all," adds M. Laforgue, "technical skill is possessed by many, but there is only one Böcklin in the world, and it is to describe just such natures as his that the word *genius* was invented."

'The Sport of the Waves' (Das Spiel der Wellen) was painted in Florence in 1883. The canvas, which measures about six feet high by nearly eight feet wide, is now in the New Pinakothek, Munich.

'THE ROCKY GORGE'

PLATE IV

ONCE when Böcklin was crossing the St. Gotthard Pass at nightfall he found himself enveloped in so dense a fog that it was with difficulty the path was kept. All sorts of weird fancies filled his brain, and Goethe's well-known words from 'Mignon's Song' came at once to his mind:

"Know'st thou the mountain where, hidden in clouds,
The mule seeks the path which the vapor enshrouds?
Where horrible dragons in caves rear their broods,
And rocks are uprooted by storms and by floods?"

With the recollection of his gruesome experience in mind, the artist painted this picture (*Die Felsenschlucht*), in which we are shown a ravine in the Alps, where a party of travelers with their well-laden mules are overtaken by approaching night. Suddenly, to their horror, a monstrous dragon appears, craning his long neck towards them as he crawls slowly forth through the mist from his rocky den.

The picture is strongly and realistically painted, and offers a striking example of the artist's imaginative powers. It was executed in Basle in 1870, and is now in the Schack Gallery, Munich.

'THE VILLA BY THE SEA'

PLATE V

THE Villa by the Sea,' painted in Rome in 1864, after Böcklin's visit to Naples and Capri, is one of the artist's most beautiful renderings of nature in a minor key. Upon a rocky shore stands an old Italian villa, its marble walls and the statues which once adorned its garden almost hidden by dark cypress-trees whose tops are swayed by the wind. Lower down, upon the beach, stands a woman clad from head to foot in mourning garments, leaning against the rocks as she gazes sorrowfully over the water which breaks in waves at her feet. A leaden sky enhances the indescribable sadness which pervades the picture and imparts itself to the spectator.

"In the measured beating of the waves upon the shore," writes Henri Mendelsohn, "we seem to hear the swan-song of a mighty past. May not this mourning woman be some Iphigenia yearning for the lost land of Greece? Such a thought was in the artist's mind, for he says that in this melancholy figure he wished to represent the last survivor of a vanished race."

Böcklin painted no fewer than five versions of this subject, no two of which are alike. The one here reproduced is the second, and, together with the first version, is now in the Schack Gallery, Munich. It measures about four feet high by five feet eight inches wide.

'THE ISLAND OF LIFE'

PLATE VI

BÖCKLIN painted this picture, called in German 'Das Lebensinsel,' in Zürich in 1888, partly as a variant of his work entitled 'The Regions of the Blessed' (*Die Gefilde der Seligen*), and partly as a companion to his 'Island of Death.'

Upon a fairy isle crowned with slender poplars and tropical palms, happy mortals are seen dancing hand in hand upon the green turf. A summer sky smiles above them, and in the clear water beneath, their forms reflected in its glassy surface, strange beings from some imaginary realm swim gracefully around the rocky shores, while swans float leisurely upon the tranquil sea. All is light and sunshine in this happy spot which forms a striking contrast to the mysterious sadness, the solemn peace, of 'The Island of Death.'

The picture is owned by Herr Emil Ölbermann, Cologne.

'VITA SOMNIUM BREVE'

PLATE VII

"IN this picture," writes Baron von Ostini, "Böcklin may be said to have reached the highest point of his achievement. After much thought and numerous experiments, the composition as it now stands finally took shape, assuredly one of the most original and significant of the countless representations of the four ages of man which either modern or ancient art has produced."

From a sphinx head in a marble framework bearing the motto *VITA SOMNIUM BREVE* (Life is a brief dream) flows the stream of life. Its deep blue waters wind through a green meadow bright with dandelions and daisies, and on the borders of the stream two little children are playing. One with pale golden hair is pressing a handful of flowers against his breast as he casts them one by one upon the clear water; the other, a charming little fellow with reddish curls, rests his chubby hands upon the ground as he bends forward to watch a daisy borne away by the current of the stream. In the center of the picture, on the right of the fountain, stands a young woman clasping flowers in her upraised hands as she gazes dreamily into the distance. Her gauzy drapery of deep blue sprinkled with gold stars contrasts with the beautiful flesh-tones of her nude body and the rich red of her hair. Farther back, upon the left, beneath a group of trees, a helmeted knight, clad in red and with his lance in hand, rides forth upon his steed into the unknown world beyond. In the distance, his bent form in its long brown robe silhouetted against the cloud-flecked blue sky, is seated an old man, unconscious that behind him, Death, with club upraised, stands even at that very moment ready to strike the fatal blow.

The picture was painted in Zürich in 1888, and is now in the Basle Museum. It is on wood, and measures about five feet nine inches high by three feet eight inches wide.

'PAN FRIGHTENING A GOATHERD'

PLATE VIII

DURING Böcklin's two years' sojourn in Weimar (1860-62), he finished this picture which had been begun in Munich. It is midday, and among the rocks a goatherd has been watching his flock of long-haired goats, when suddenly the silence is broken by the sound of a falling stone. A shrill cry is heard, and to the man's only half-awakened senses the sound seems unearthly, and at once suggests that the great god Pan is there among the rocks, with his mocking faun's face. Seized with unreasoning fear, the goatherd runs as fast as his feet can carry him, nor once turns to cast a backward glance. His arms are flung over his head, his mantle floats behind him in the breeze, while the gourd used as a flask for his daily quota of wine, and now held by a string in one of his upraised hands, swings back and forth, pendulum-wise, in his hasty descent of the hillside, while from his rocky seat above, Pan laughs aloud in malicious glee to see how man and beast fly from his uncanny presence. It has been said that in this picture Böcklin accomplished that which established his place in the history of art: "the imparting of life to nature, and the rehabilitation of old myths."

'Pan erschreckt einen Hirten,' to call the painting by its German title, is now in the Schack Gallery, Munich. It measures four feet four inches high by about three and a half feet wide.

'THE SACRED GROVE'

PLATE IX

BÖCKLIN'S celebrated picture entitled 'The Sacred Grove' (Der heilige Hain) was painted in Florence in 1883. In the depth of a dark grove of trees the columns of a marble temple are dimly discernible, while from this sacred edifice white-robed priests advance with slow and stately step towards a sacrificial fire before which two worshipers prostrate themselves in prayer. The composition is balanced, and the colors, chiefly black, white, and green, form a scheme that is highly decorative in its effect. A group of delicately painted birch-trees on the left, their white trunks reflected in the pool beneath, form a marked contrast to the clusters of massive dark-leaved oaks on the right. No other work of Böcklin's, with the exception of his 'Island of Death,' produces an impression of such deep solemnity and peace.

The canvas is now in the Basle Museum. It measures about three and a half feet high by nearly five feet wide.

'NAIADS AT PLAY'

PLATE X

BÖCKLIN'S picture of 'Naiads at Play' was painted in Zürich in 1886, and is now in the Basle Museum. In describing this work Henri Mendelsohn writes: "It fairly bubbles over with fun and merriment. The scene represents a rock in the ocean, over which the waves dash in foam, tossing white spray high into the air. Clinging fast to the wet rock are the gleaming forms of naiads, their tails shining like jewels in the seething waters, and, as the waves dash one on top of another, so do these creatures of the sea chase each other in their frolic, darting here and diving there, and tumbling heels over head from the rock into the ocean beneath, whose roar almost drowns their shrill laughter. All is life and movement. The sputtering triton and the luckless baby, holding in his convulsive clasp the prize he has captured, a little fish, rank among the inimitable creations of Böcklin's art."

In speaking of the somewhat startling effect of the colors in this picture, the Comte de Montesquiou says: "This is the most astonishing of all Böcklin's representations of the sea. The water gleams with hues as violent as those reflected by the Faraglioni, the red rocks which, seen from Capri, mirror their purple shadows in the blue waves. One of the naiads, with her back turned to us, seems to set the water on fire with the brilliancy of her orange-colored hair, while all the naiads' tails, wet and glistening, glow with the gorgeous hues of butterflies' wings or the petals of brilliant flowers."

The picture is on canvas, and measures nearly five feet high by five feet eight inches wide.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY BÖCKLIN
IN PUBLIC COLLECTIONS

FOR more complete lists of Böcklin's works than it is possible to give in the present limited space, the reader is referred to the publication entitled 'Arnold Böcklin. Eine Auswahl seiner hervorragendsten Werke,' etc. (Photographische Union, Munich, 1893-1901), and to Henri Mendelsohn's monograph on the artist (Berlin, 1901). Many of Böcklin's paintings, indeed the greater number, are in private possession, principally in Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. The following list includes only those which are in collections accessible to the public.

AUSTRIA. VIENNA, MODERN GALLERY: An Idyl of the Sea; Portrait of Lenbach—
GERMANY. BERLIN NATIONAL GALLERY: The Regions of the Blessed; The Hermit (Plate I); Pietà; The Descent from the Cross; Surf of the Sea; A Spring Day; Centaur and Nymph; Portrait of Wallenreiter; Portrait of Böcklin (Page 106); Portrait of Fr. Dr. Fiedler—BREMEN, KUNSTHALLE: The Adventurer—BRESLAU, SILESIA MUSEUM: Lute-player; Sanctuary of Hercules; Castle attacked by Pirates—CARLSRUHE, MUSEUM: Poverty and Care—COLOGNE, MUSEUM: Castle attacked by Pirates—DRESDEN, ROYAL GALLERY: Syrinx fleeing from Pan; Family of Fauns; War; A Summer Day; Springtime—FRANKFORT, STÄDEL INSTITUTE: Villa by the Sea—HAMBURG, KUNSTHALLE: Silence of the Forest; Portrait of Böcklin; Portrait of Augusto Fratelli—LEIPSIK, MUSEUM: The Island of Death; A Spring Song—MAGDEBURG, MUSEUM: Family of Tritons—MUNICH, NEW PINAKOTHEK: Pan among the Reeds; Sport of the Waves (Plate III)—MUNICH, SCHACK GALLERY: Ideal Landscape; The Anchorite; Pan frightening a Goatherd (Plate VIII); The Villa by the Sea (Plate V); The Villa by the Sea; The Shepherd's Lament; Murderer pursued by Furies; The Rocky Gorge (Plate IV); A Shepherdess and her Flock; Ideal Spring Landscape; The Road to Emmaus; A Sacred Grove; Old Roman Tavern in Spring; The Ride of Death; Italian Villa in Spring; Nereid and Triton—STUTTGART GALLERY: Villa by the Sea; Roman Landscape—SWITZERLAND. AARAU, SOCIETY OF ART: Muse of Anacreon—BASLE, MUSEUM: [STAIRCASE] (frescos) Birth of Gää; Flora with her Children; Apollo; Medusa; [PICTURE GALLERY] Naiads at Play (Plate X); Vita Somnium Breve (Plate VII); Portrait of the Artist in his Studio; Melancholy; Diana Hunting; Viola; Mary Magdalene weeping over the Body of Christ; Battle of Centaurs; Odysseus and Calypso; Petrarch; The Sacred Grove (Plate IX); The Plague (unfinished); Portrait of Luise Schmidt; Portrait of Prof. Jacob Mähly; Head of a Roman; Two Landscapes; Two Mountain Scenes—BASLE, SOCIETY OF ARTISTS: Portrait of Frau Böcklin as a Muse—BERNE, MUSEUM: The Silence of the Ocean—LUCERNE, MUSEUM: Landscape with Moors—ZÜRICH, SOCIETY OF ARTISTS: The Awakening of Spring; In the Arbor.

Böcklin Bibliography

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL BOOKS AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES
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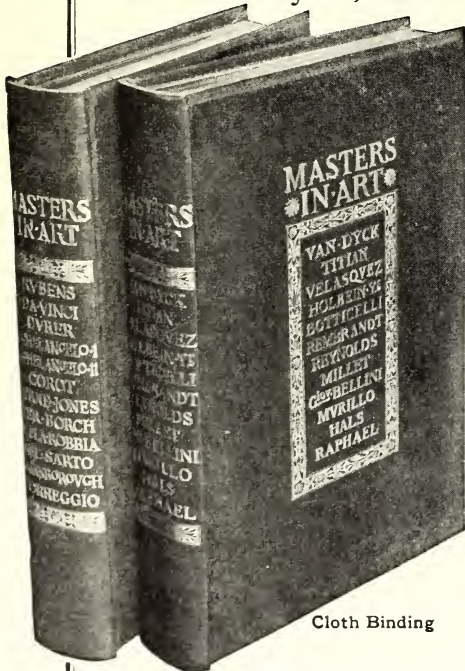
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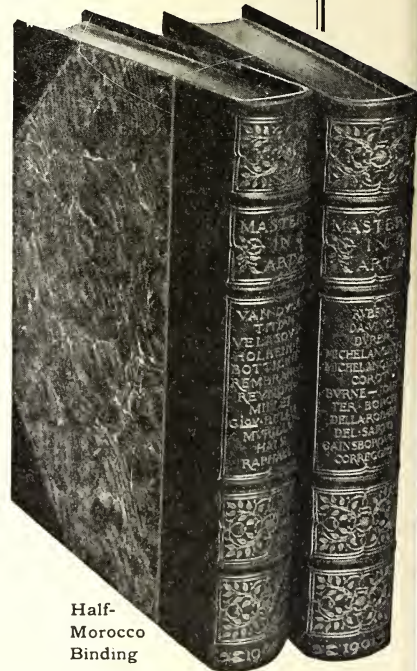
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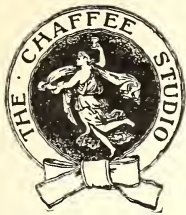
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